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work its stern individuality, though it is less happy in style and artistic effect. We do not expect a mere school-girl to achieve at once the finished composition of the practical writer. The story was noticed favorably by the press, though Catholic journals took umbrage at her strictures upon the priesthood and charged at the young heretic with might and main."

The success of "Inez" impelled the young writer to continue the autorial career. She devoted several succeeding years to earnest study of philosophy and literature—the fruits of which are shown in the erudition and mental resources betrayed, in "Beulah," which was published, in the fall of 1859, by Derby & Jackson, of New-York. It was a success from the first, though it did not make the author, like the author of "Child Harold," famous in one day. The sale and reputation of the book were of gradual, steady growth—each day adding to its hold upon the mind of the more intelligent portion of the readers of fiction. It has, up to this time, reached a sale of twenty-three thousand copies.

The author of the work from which we have above quoted, thus truthfully characterizes the volume and its purposes:

"Skepticism is the Upas-tree of the age. Its poisonous roots underlie some of the fairest gardens of mental and spiritual culture. Its baneful breath is everywhere. We have lost the sweet trusting faith of our fathers. We glory in our profundity, in our logical acumen, in the audacity of our unbelief. Nothing is too high, nothing too deep, for our comprehension. Whatever looms beyond the reach of our thought is a delusion—we will have none of it. At this pernicious state of things, 'Beulah' is aimed. Its author is terribly in earnest. She evidently has traversed the whole waste of rationalism, nominalism, eclecticism, realism, positivism—over which we painfully follow her heroine. She takes Beulah by the hand, and leads her over the ground with merciless fidelity. Not a doubt is left unturned; every dragon of speculation which once assailed her is unearthed, and the stormy battle is fought over it again. We wrestle *ourselves*, and grow faint in the protracted contest. This intensely vitalized action of the book is its grand feature and fulcrum—effecting more than whole folios of mere argument."

The story is one of intense personal and dramatic interest; and it is this fact which has rendered the mental struggles and abstractions of the author at all palatable. We are so deeply concerned for Beulah, from her early childhood—through her most painful girlhood, to her lovely, self-reliant womanhood, that we make her *our own*, and every phase of her experiences, every struggle of heart and mind, every circumstance of her singular lot, more than interest—they involve us, as it were, in her history. While there is nothing like the book, in English or American literature, it still has points in common with "Jane Eyre"—the same strong individualism, the same sad life-struggle, the same love of an unattainable object, the same conquering of circumstances, fate, and heart disquietudes, and a final happy home. But, all these likenesses are not parallels—they are the mere similarities of womanly nature, of life-antagonisms, of daring self-endurance; and we feel that "Beulah" is a fit companion volume of "Jane Eyre," in story, though a nobler volume in its moral and in its philosophic determinations.

Miss Evans is still a resident of Mobile. A calm, patient student—an intense lover of nature—fond of her home, and devoted in her family relations—she is gathering in those materials which produce glorious mental results to such natures as hers; and we, therefore, look forward to her future with hope of further offerings upon the altar of a pure, ennobling, beautiful literature.

As a specimen of the style of the author, and to show the end and aim of the narrative, we may here quote from the closing pages of her book:

"Where is your old worship of genius?" asked her husband, watching her curiously.

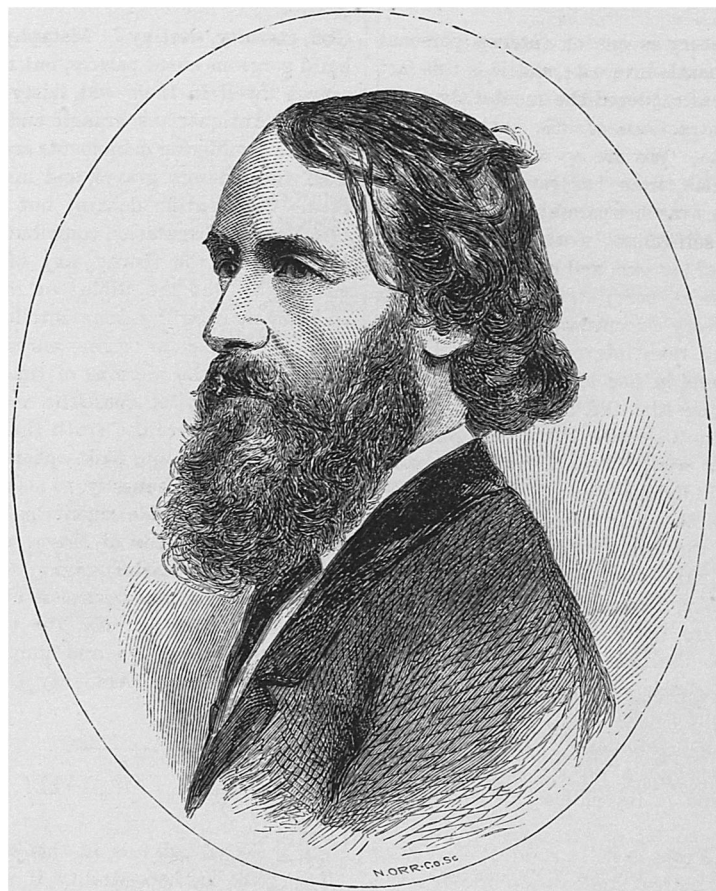
"I have not lost it all. I hope I never shall. Human genius has accomplished a vast deal for man's temporal existence. The physical sciences have been wheeled forward in the march of mind, and man's earthly path gemmed with all that a merely sensual nature could desire. But looking aside from these channels, what has it effected for philosophy, that great burden, which constantly recalls the fabled labors of Sisyphus and the Danaides? Since the rising of Bethlehem's star, in the cloudy sky of polytheism, what has human genius discovered of

God, eternity, destiny? Metaphysicians build gorgeous cloud palaces, but the soul cannot dwell in their cold, misty atmosphere. Antiquarians wrangle and write; Egypt's mouldering monuments are raked from their desert graves, and made the theme of scientific debate; but has all this learned disputation contributed one iota to clear the thorny way of strict morality? Put the Bible out of sight, and how much will human intellect discover concerning our origin—our ultimate destiny? In the morning of time, sages handled these vital questions, and died, not one step nearer the truth than when they began. Now, our philosophers struggle, earnestly and honestly, to make plain the same inscrutable mysteries. Yes, blot out the records of Moses, and we would grope in starless night; for notwithstanding the many priceless blessings it has discovered for man, the torch of science will never pierce and illumine the recesses over which Almighty God has hung his veil."

CHARLES F. BLAUVELT.

GENRE painters, in this country, are an impossibility, if we consider exposition of *stereotyped* local life and manners as necessary material for this class of artists. As a people the Americans have not lived long enough in one spot to gain strongly local as well as national peculiarities. We are made up of everybody from everywhere. We stay nowhere, and live just as the caprice dictates. We change everything, from our hats to our houses, as often as twice a year; and the artist in pursuit of *American* "cottage life"—*American* "low life" or "high life"—*American* "boatmen" or "fishermen"—*American* dogs, cats, mothers, and babes—would have to break his rest-stick in despair.

Still, we *have* a certain class of subjects which are peculiar to American cities and shores—news-boys, street-sweepers, wood-sawyers, immigrants, dock-loafers, strolling organ-men, Yankee pedlers, butcher-boys, negroes, Irish laborers, German lager-beer guzzlers, etc., etc., which offer endless themes for the pencil and palette of the painter, whose appreciation of humor and emotional expression is keen and ready. But, singular as it may appear, very few of our reputable



Charles F. Blauvelt

artists have chosen this field for subjects of study; and, in consequence, a good piece of local characterization is rare.

Among those most successful in this department of art must be named Charles F. Blauvelt, an artist whose name is now an honored one in art-circles, and whose works are regarded as rare expositions of the homely and humorous side of our American life. He was born in New-York city, in the year 1823. His early attempts were devoted to crests and coats-of-arms for some of the would-be "aristocracy" of our republican metropolis. The usual trials and tribulations of struggling genius beset his way, determined as he was to pursue painting as a profession. An instance is related of one of his works, which, in its last exposition, proved a great success, but that success was won at the expense of several other pictures, in this wise: The artist chose for his theme a Bible subject. It was not appreciated, although the canvas was very carefully painted over twice. A ground of white lead was then laid on, and "Lu-

ther reading the Bible at Urfurth Convent" was the chosen theme. This he carefully painted, but it would not sell. Again the white lead was applied, and for a third subject the artist chose a "Paddy-from-Cork-just-arrived-be-Judy." For three days the "emigrant" sat in the studio, smoking and taking it easy, while the artist transferred him to the canvas; brogans, red stockings, knee-breeches, fustian roundabout and vest, cap, pipe, and bundle, were all daguerreotyped to the life. This was a "hit." Little does the possessor of that "Paddy O'Flannigan" surmise there are really *three* pictures on that canvas!

That picture convinced the artist that his true strength lay in the delineation of the quietly humorous sides of life and humanity, and he thenceforward adhered to that class of subjects.

The old American Art Union became his steady patron. Many of his best works found their way to the public through its annual distributions; and, encouraged by the kindly sympathy of its

managers, the artist soon attained to a good position. We have no list of the pictures sold to the Art Union, but may mention—"The Lame Boy"—"Just Arrived"—"Boys Snow-Balling"—"The Relic Hunter"—"Boy at the Well," etc.

The later works of this artist are painted so quietly, and are borne away by their possessors so quickly, that few persons have the pleasure of examining and enjoying his unique and characteristic delineations. While other artists seek exhibition-rooms and show-windows, with most of their works, that the public may thus see their labor and study their progress, Mr. Blauvelt labors patiently in his retirement, and turns off picture after picture which it would be a treat to see, but which are only to be seen through the dim light of the gentleman's parlor walls where they are hung before fairly dry. For this reason the public hears comparatively little of the artist; but, to the connoisseur his pictures are prizes eagerly sought for, and, once obtained, are not to be repurchased.

We may mention, as among those of his paintings which the public has been permitted to inspect—"Warming Up"—"The Lesson"—"The Travelling Parson"—"Waiting for the Stage"—"The Doubtful Bill"—"Threading the Needle"—"The Lunch"—"No News"—"The Past," etc., etc.

Several of this artist's works have been reproduced in lithograph, and have proven vastly popular. His emigrants, stage-drivers, old negroes, boys, and old men, are inimitably rendered, not with anything of grossness, but with a delicacy of feeling and undertone of humor or pathos which are as refreshing as rare. His work is never hurried, but always carefully, faithfully done. Days are sometimes consumed upon little pieces of canvas which other artists would cover in as many hours. His colors are pure, fresh, and freely used, and produce contrasts of a strong but agreeable character. Every minor adjunct is wrought in with the utmost care—nothing seems slighted. Yet all is easy, graceful, and pleasing, with nothing of harshness or constraint visible in anything he does.

Being now in the prime of life we have good reason to expect many things from his hand which shall add to his already fair fame, and thus give to American Art many a work worthy of study and emulation.